MORRISTOWN WOMEN ANGRY,

A NEWSPAPER' CORRESPONDENT

PRINTED HIS DREAM.

Little Girl in Her Father's Lap on a Mower
Grew to Bevies of College Girls, with
Which His Imagination Peopled the
Fields of Morris County, All at Work.

Morristown, N. J., July 13.—The full
confessions of a Jersey newspaper correspondent and a promise never to do it again
might do a little toward calming the women of Morristown and the neighboring villages of Whippany, Afton and Hanover.
Just why the women should care a rap about what the correspondent did or why they should be indignant about it, the men can't tell. But, the women say the men of Morristown are just like men everywhere else and, of course, they can't appreciate the women's resentment at being lied

more than a dozen women could be counted within half as snany miles, and all of them were riding on mowing machines, reapers or gang rakes, handling a pair of horses and a big machine as if they were used to it.

Among the girls so doing are Miss Jeannette Van Vetter, a pupil in Holyoke Seminary.

Some of the zirls are graduates and some of them are still in school, but all of them were riding on mowing machines, reapers or gang rakes, handling as lithey were used to it.

A hount else and, of course, they can't appreciate the women's resentment at being lied

"Perhaps he needed the money," ventured one man, trying to let the correspondent down easy. That man has not ventured anything since.

It started this way. The other day there was a paragraph in the Morristown paper under the head of "News From the Surrounding Villages" to the effect that the small boys in Afton, Whippany and Hanover were having lots of fun helping their fathers in the hay fields and that one little girl had been seen riding in her father's lap on the mower and holding the reins for him. That was all. But the opportunity of the Jersey correspondent

He went through the "News From the Surrounding Villages' like a hungry man looking for a crust. He found the little girl sitting in her father's lap and holding the reins. It was only hay that the little girl's father was mowing, but it was a crop of hop to the Jersey correspondent-and he dreamed and dreamed.

In the beginning the little girl of Whippany had freckles and her hair was in a pigtail. Her dress didn't quite reach to her knees, but next term if she is good and pays attention to the teacher at the red schoolhouse on Whippany Hill she will get into seven times one

But the correspondent dreamed. He passed over, scornfully, the news that Farmer Seidensticker doesn't believe that wood ashes help the soil much, and also the paragraph telling of the preliminary arrangements of the Smiths of Peapack for their annual reunion.

He riveted his attention on the little freckled girl of Whippany holding the reins. He saw in it the vision of a price of a trip to Newark with his girl, or perhaps of a new tire for the bicycle on which haps of a new tire for the bicycle on which he used to ride about to get the local jots and chit-chat for his great New York daily before he realized that the clarion of the country seat had all the jots every Thursday. If all the country weeklies were not published on Thursdays or Fridays there wouldn't be any "Jersey editions" of the great metropolitan dailies on Sundays. But that has nothing to do with this particular dream.

The little girl grew and grew. The pig-tail slowly coiled up into a Psyche knot. The little knee-high dress modestly length-ened into a skirt that just concealed the ened into a skirt that just concealed the well-turned ankle. That doesn't mean an ankle turned on cobble stone or defective, sidewalk and sprained, but a shapely well moulded ankle. Jersey correspondents turn all their ankles well in the copy whether they are gathering jottings by the seashore or items round about the inland links. Inland they must be just concealed. But neither has that anything to do with this particular dream.

this particular dream.

Gradually the little girl got too big and plump for her father's lap, and the old man slowly faded out of the picture.

slowly faded out of the picture.

"A woman running a two horse mower," muttered the correspondent, lazily opening one eye. "Can't get men to work in Morris county; women in the hay fields"—and the dreamer began to see the headlines dancing back and forth across the columns. But that dream was just in its infancy. Even the Jersey correspondent didn't realize what was coming.

In their turn the rush and the glare of a In their turn the rush and the glare of a busy headline factory in the great city at midnight passed from the vision, and the dreamer went back to the woman on the mower. She was no longer the little child. Neither was she the farmer's patient, plodding wife, worn and wrinkled by years of drudgery and cooking for the farmhands. This was no slouch of a dream that the correspondent was having beside the sitting room table with the red cloth, on which he does all his literary work.

room table with the red cloth, on which he does all his literary work.

The woman, who by this time was sweeping up and down the field cutting wide and unerring swaths, was the daughter of a farmer. But how the vision grows! She was the beautiful daughter of the wealthiest farmer in all Morris county. Still, she had had only the simple education afforded by the village school. But the end had not come. The massive head of the correspondent sank lower and lower until it rested upon the red table cloth.

upon the red table cloth.

"Remove the freckles," whispered a voice that seemed to be at his very clow. It was only the spirit that was speaking.

One by one, as stars at the approach of dawn, the freckles faded from the face of the farmer's daughter and once more the dream got into its stride and became decream got into its stride and became dedream got into its stride and became dein the correspondent's own well

"Her cheeks tinged with the healthy nut-brown tan of the outdoor girl," said the dreamer in his sleep. "The athletic

"Athletic," he repeated and his whole frame seemed to be convulsed with emotion. Athletic!" he yelled, as he jumped from the table, overturning the duplex burner kerosene lamp in his excitement. "Athletic," he hoarsely whispered; "she's a college girl home for her vacation! She's the leader girl home for her vacation! She's the leader of the basket ball team at Vassar. She's the highest jumper at Radcliffe. She's the best tennis player at Smith. She cutruns the boys at Cornell. She swings on the rings at Wellesley. Common education in the village school be damned! The college girls, the well known college girls, are on the mowers and reapers and the rakes. Jersey edition, front page, spread head, Must, also, 'Rush!' The dream was over and the time for action had come. Seizing his current list of voters and tax payers of Morris county, the correspondent hastly glanced down the columns to pick out a few names that were not there, for he is a man of scruples.

were not there, for he is a man of scruples.

Then he dashed off this, which was printed in his great New York daily the other day:

COLLEGE GIRLS GET FARM HANDS' JOBS

MODERN MAUD MULLERS ARE RAKING THE HAT AND MOWING IT, TOO, NEAR MORRISTOWN.

MEN SCARCE, NOT NEEDED.

ZACK OF MALE HELP INDUCES PLUCKY DAUGH-TERS OF WELL-TO-DO FARMERS TO

Because of a lack of farm hands the farmers around Whippany, Afton and Hanover, N. J., have had to call on their daughters to assist in the harvest

in the harvest.

In the ordinary course of things this would be nothing strange. But for the farmers in that section of the country it is unusual, for they are a well to do lot and most of their girls are college bred. But college bred or otherwise, it makes no difference to the farmer who has to get in the hay. This is the haying season, and it is the finest kind of haying weather.

weather.

The farmers offered high wages for male help, but it was not forthcoming. Just when it looked as if the hay crop would be a failure on account of lack of harvesters, Miss Mabel Mowder, who finished at Vassar two years ago, came to her father's assistance and as fit that she would take the place of a man at \$2 a day, the price he had offered.

He scoffed at the idea at first, but the young woman soon showed that she was as good as her word by mounting a mowing machine and driving into the field, where she cut the grass like a veteran. Other girls in the yicinity saw their leader at work and it became ye fashion at once, so that within two days

OUT THEY GO IN PITT STREET. What's One Woman With a Teakettle

Against a City Marshal's Posse? Mr. Mandelbaum, the landlord of 86 Pitt street, took no risks of another fire Tuesday night. He sat up until dawn with a bungstarter in one hand and a police whistle in the other. Nothing happe Early yesterday morning City Marshal Samuel K. Ellenbogen came around and asked who was suspected of setting fire to

"They all makes to do it," answered Mandelbaum. "They all makes to do murder mit mein vife und childrens. Have 'em Then Mr. Mandelbaum retired for the day, leaving his sons on guard.

When Justice Sanders called court at 10 o'clock and proceeded to straighten out the rent complication at No. 36 not a tenant appeared. A lawyer had been among the tenants earlier in the day and explained that setting fire to Mr. Bosse's sofa constituted arson and is a penitentiary offence.

"So?" said one of the leaders among the rebellious tenantry. "If dot is arsenies I move out mit me before dose coppers."

He sent for a moving van, and the rest of the tenants closed their doors against the law.

Marshal Ellenbogen sent Charles Breit-hart, one of his clerks, to explain the case to Justice Sanders. Breithart reported that some tenant had undoubtedly tried to burn

to Justice Sanders. Breithart reported that some tenant had undoubtedly tried to burn the house.

"I usually sympathize with the tenants in these matters," said the Justice, "but if they're that kind of people, out they go." And he signed the warrants of ejectment. Breithart was sent to tell the tenants that they go out, bag and baggage, at 9 o'clock to-day. The first one he tackled was Mrs. Leidner, who lives on the third floor. Mrs. Leidner heard him to the end and then reached for the teakettle.

"Vere I gets damaches if Isaac valks out?" she said. "Raus mit you!" Breithart dodged the boiling water by climbing out on the fire escape.

Those damages of Mrs. Leidner's, they say in Pitt street, are the root of the evil. Mr. Leidner is a pedler. On the Fourth of July one Ettenburg, a barber, shot Mr. Leidner in the thigh. Leidner was advised to prosecute, but he offered a private settlement on the basis of \$250 in cash, his doctor bills, board and rent while he was laid up, and a new suit of clothes. Ettenburg agreed to everything except the cash. He offered to compromise that on a basis of \$25.

Now, when the order came to move, Mrs. Leidner foresaw that if Isaac moved about he stood to lose even the \$25.

"If he ain't stayed in bed, how we gets those damaches?" said Mrs. Leidner. Forthwith she became a Joan of Arc among the tenantry.

Mandelbaum sat up again last night. At

tenantry.

Mandelbaum sat up again last night. At 9 o'clock this morning Marshal Ellenbogen and his forces will move to the attack.

WHY COURT COPS LAUGHED.

Give Me a Warrant, I'll Do the Rest," Said Hotel Typewriter Girl. Magistrate Moss was just about to leave the West Side court yesterday afternoon when a pretty young girl, chewing gum, stepped on the bridge in front of him and

Her opening remark was:

The Judge looked aghast She giggled again and the bridge cop

"I want to get a warrant." "You do?" remarked the Court. "Well.

"You do?" remarked the Court. "Well, you needn't come in here giggling because you want to get a warrant. That's no laughing matter."

"He, he, he," the girl repeated as she shifted her gum.

"Who for?" queried the Court.

"Never you mind who. Just you give me the warrant and I'll fix the rest," said the girl, getting on her dignity.

"See here, young lady, this is a court of justice. You must give me the name of the person for whom you want the warrant and also you must tell me the circumstances of the case."

The girl pulled herself together, shifted her gum again and announced that she wanted the warrant for a former guest of the Hotel Gallatin at 70 West Fortysixth street who had skipped, leaving a

sixth street who had skipped, leaving bill for \$18 unpaid.

"Are you the manager of the hotel?" asked the Judge.

This time the girl laughed loud and long and the Court, the clerks and the cops and the Court, the clerks and the cops joined in.

"I'm the typewriter," she answered, when she could control her merriment, "but I am over 18; give me the warrant."

"Go get the manager," commanded the

Court.

"It's a long, hot walk back to the hotel but if you are not good enough to give me the warrant I guess I'll have to go," said the girl, and she stepped haughtily from the bridge.

As she was going out of the door she turned.

"Say, Judge," she called, "have you got a telephone I can use?"
"No 'phone here," answered the cop at "This place is on the blink," the girl com-

THE PIANO OF O MIMOSA SAN. Poor Thing Had to Leave It in Piedge

for Board, and It Wasn't Hers. Dorothy Morton, who had the part of O Mimosa San in "The Geisha" when that comic opera had its long run at Daly's, has been made defendant in a suit brought by the Hotel Vendome to recover an unpaid balance of \$217 on a board bill contracted

balance of \$217 on a board bill contracted in 1901. Miss Morton lived at the Vendome for about a year at that time. She hasn't lived there since.

She left a piano behind as security, but this instrument, according to Weill, Wolf & Kraemer of 68 William street, the lawyers for the hotel people, the courts have turned over to its original owners, to whom Miss Morton had made a partial payment. The litigation over the piano security lasted two years. Miss Morton was served with papers in the suit to recover the \$217 when she was singing at Proctor's three weeks ago.

Young Boy Shot by Older Lad.

In the Coney Island police court yesterlay morning Jacob R. Ferber, 17 years old, of 67 Twenty-third street, Bensonhurst was charged with shooting an eleven-year-old boy, Arthur Eintracht, of 73 Twenty-third street, Bensonhurst. Eintracht, who was shot through the lung, is now at Seney Hospital. The shooting was done with a revolver and, it is said, was accidental. The case was adjourned.

Baby Boy Killed by Trelley Car. John Morano, 3 years old, while crossin the street opposite his home at 158 Columbia street, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon, was run over by a car of the Crossown Line and instantly killed. Motorman Charles Brower was arrested.

NORDICA WINS; DOEHME LOSES

NO COLLUSION IN DIVORCE CASE, SAYS APPELLATE COURT.

ady Can Provide for Her Hu Pecuniary Welfare on Parting If She Wants To and He Wants Her To, Without Incurring Suspicion of Fraud.

In a unanimous decision handed down resterday by the Appellate Division, the divorce obtained by Lillian Nordica Doehme, known as Mme. Nordica, from Zoltan ne, the Hungarian tenor, is confirmed, and his charges of collusion and fraud are dismissed. The order made by Justice MacLean, appointing a referee to take testimony and report whether there was

Doehme and Mme. Nordica were married on May 27, 1896. A few months ago she sued for a divorce, alleging his misconduct in Europe and here with unknown corespondents. An interlocutory decree in her favor was entered on Jan. 29 last but before it became final; Doehme asked that it be set aside, on the ground that there had been fraud and collusion, and that he had been induced to consent to the entry of the decree by Mme. Nordica's agreement to release his bank account, amounting to 66,000, which she had attached. He said that she had got \$20,000 from him and re-linquished all her claims to the balance. Then he consented to make a merely nominal defence to the suit.

Justice McLaughlin, writing for the Appellate Court, says:

Justice McLaughlin, writing for the Appellate Court, says:

It has never before, so far as I know, been claimed that the settlement of financial transactions between husband and wife at or about the time a divorce is granted is a badge of collusion or fraud, or even a suspicious circumstance requiring investigation. The court, by its decree, in a majority of actions, when a divorce is granted, makes some provision for the support of the wife; but that a husband voluntarily does so, of itself no more constitutes evidence of collusion than does the court's decree. There is a moral as well as a legal obligation resting upon a husband to support his wife, and even if she errs the fact that he sees fit to make provision for her support at the time a divorce is granted cannot deprive him of the right which the statute gives him, to dissolve the marriage contract, nor does it furnish ground of suspicion that the judgment is the result of collusion and conspiracy between the parties, or that the court, had the fact bear known, would not have granted the judgment. The same rule is applicable to the wife. If she has means and the husband has none, there is no impropriety upon her part in making some provision for his future support and maintenance, however indelicate it may be for him to accept it.

Justice McLaughlin then points out that Doehme had himself sworn at a prior date that the financial arrangement had nothing to do with the divorce action, and remarks that if Doehme is telling the furth now he cannot have told it then. Furthermore, had the Court known of the financial deal, that would not have changed the result, because "under the proof the plaintiff was clearly entitled to the dooree."

As to Mme. Nordica's residence, Justice McLaughlin says that Doehme is bound by his own admission in his answer, that she is a resident of New York, and ne cannot come forward now and say that his admission was false and a fraud upon the Court. However, says the Court, the proof seems satisfactory that she actually is a resi

as Doehme now says.

In conclusion, Justice McLaughlin says that after a careful consideration of the record, he is satisfied that there is no merit in Doehme's application to have the divorce set aside; that it was not made in good faith and that there was no collusion or fraud.

SHIMOSA SKINNED OF CURIOS Which Her Officers Had Brought In and Hadn't Put on Her Manifest.

number of cases of Chinese and Japanese goods, including silk shawls and hand-kerchiefs, and chinaware and curios, were seized yesterday by oustoms inspectors seized yesterday by customs inspectors at the foot of Market street on the British steamship Shimosa, which arrived here on Monday from the East with a cargo of spices and teas. The value of the goods, which were taken to the public stores, was under \$1,000.

It was explained at the Custom House that the seizure was made as it was in the case of the Indrawadi ten days ago. on

case of the Indrawadi ten days ago, on account of the failure of the officers and crew of the ship to put these goods on the

rew of the ship to put these geometrics.

It is the habit of sallors who are completing long voyages in the East to bring in trinkets and curios as presents for their friends, but Collector Stranahan has determined that all such goods must be set forth frankly on the ship's manifest and opened to inspection. The goods seized yesterday were stowed away in various parts of the hold of the vessel.

O. L. JUDD'S AUTO TRIP FATAL. New Yorker's Skull Fractured in Collis With a Providence Trolley Car.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 18 .- O. L. Judd the Eastern representative at New York of the McMillan Company of Oshkosh, Wis., manufacturers of doors, blinds and sashes, whose home address was 199A North Elev-enth street, Newark, N. J., and who was private secretary to President Garfield, died at the Rhode Island Hospital at 4 o'clock this morning of a fracture of the base of the skull. the Eastern representative at New York of

o'clock this morning of a fracture of the base of the skull.

Ex-Congressman Melville Bull entertained a large company of army and navy officers and business men at the Pompam Club, East Providence, yesterday. Mr. Judd was the guest of Ezra Perkins, and went down to the club in Mr. Perkins's automobile.

Mr. Perkins and his guest were leaving the grounds at 4 o'clock, when a trolley car struck the machine, dragged it fifty feet and smashed it to junk.

Mr. Perkins was not severely hurt, but Mr. Judd was removed from the wreck in an unconscious condition. He was operated on at the Rhode Island Hospital, but the skull fracture was so severe that there was no hope for his recovery.

News of Plays and Players.

For Lulu Glaser's support in her new opers, "A Madcap Princess," Charles B. Dillingham has engaged William Pruette, Dillingham has engaged William Pruette, Bertram Wallis, Donald MacLaren, Arthur Barry, Frank Reicher, Reginald Barlow, Mary Conwell and Gwendolyn Valentine. The opera will open the Knickerbocker Theatre on Sept. 5.

"Checkers" will begin its second season on Aug. 22 at the Academy of Music for an indefinite run. Thomas W. Ross will play the title role, and the company will be substantially the same as was seen last season.

be substantially the same as was seen last season.

Emily Stevens will be a member of the Fiske company to appear next season at the Manhattan Theatre. She played Miriam in "Mary of Magdala" last winter.

Rehearsals for "The Silver Slipper" begin here on Monday. The piece is to be renewed at Manhattan Beach on Aug. 15, following "San Toy," with James T.Powers.

Robert Lorraine has been engaged to support Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in "Taps," which will be seen here early in the season. When Ada Rehan opens her season, Mr. Lorraine will be her leading man.

Ella Russell Coming Here to Sing. Ella Russell, the American soprano who signed a contract in London yesterday to return here next season for a series of con-certs to be given under the direction of R. E. Johnson. Mme. Russell has not been heard in this country since 1895, when she sang with the Philharmonic and other orchestras.

Baltimore Fire Like the Real One. The "Fighting the Flames" spectacle at Dreamland, Coney Island, has been ma over into a reproduction of the Baltimore fire. It was produced for the first time last night. Every feature of the famous configuration is shown, including the arrival of the fire engines and firemen from New York.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"I'm glad of one thing as the result of this meat strike," said the man in the res-

"What's that?" asked his friend who was dining exclusively on fish.
"The high prices of steaks and chops give me the excuse I've been yearning for all summer to eat fresh asparagus at 50 cents a portion."

The woman on the Broadway car, one day last week, had her arms so full of bunday last week, had her arms so full of bundles that she couldn't hold a newspaper, so she tried to read over her neighbor's shoulder. Finally she gave that up and asked: "How'd the boys come out at St. Louis yesterday?"

"Parker in a walk," replied the man who had been reading the political despatches.

"Didn't know McGraw had such a man on the team," she rejoined. "Some bush league pitcher. I suppose."

Decorators have put aside all profes-sional jealousy in their admiration of a recent achievement of one of their colrecent achievement of one of their col-leagues who was called upon to do a restau-rant and café in the style of mediswal France. This is a period rarely used here, even for the purposes of commercial decor-ation, which occupies the time of so many of the best American artists. The novelty of the style, as well as the success with which the scheme has been carried out, has won the warm commendation of professionals, while the laymen who admire the beauty of line and color that the work displays wish that more hotels were like this, named in honor of saints who lived in such a pio-turesque period.

He had been well known along Broadway but fate carried him at last to Eighth avenue. He entered a saloon and with his nue. He entered a saloon and with his last five cents bought a glass of beer. The glass was almost empty when he went to the lunch counter for the fourth sandwich, and when he returned to the bar a filled glass awaited him.

"It's on me," said the bartender, as the thirsty one drank. "Have another?"

The man whose last nickel had gone gazed inquiringly at the white-coated attendant.

"Why this generosity?" he asked.
"I used to have a job in a Broadway hotel," was the reply, "and every time you came in with a bun I'd short change you. I'd like to get square if I could." Here is the latest in hospitals. New York has long had cat, dog and doll hos-

pitals, but an enterprising woman has hung out a shingle on which is painted: "Boarding House and Private Sani-tarium for Birds." It is not always safe to display one's erudition unless one is quite sure of

himself. "I vant hundert zehn street," said a German woman on a Columbus avenue car

man woman on a Columbus avenue car the other day. The conductor failed to understand.

"She wants a transfer at 110th street," explained an erudite passenger. "Don't you understand German? If you don't speak German you ought not to be a conductor."

"No, I don't understand it," admitted the conductor. "Just tell her for me that I'll give her a transfer to 116th street and she can walk back six blocks, will you?"

"Let me off at the next corner, please," replied the erudite passenger, weakly. replied the erudite passenger, weakly.

New Yorkers have reason to be glad that the water at some of the bathing beaches near the city is much cleaner than it is a distance down the Jersey coast. On certain tides the water along that shore

certain tides the water along that shore resembles what it used to in the good old times when the city refuse was dumped only a few miles out at sea.

"It is impossible to keep the water clean here when the tide comes from a certain direction," said the bathing master of a resort some miles down the coast. "It sets into the shore and brings with it all the lighter deposit from the soows that are towed out from New York. This place is more than thirty miles from the city, but we sometimes have to put up with dirtier water close in shore than the nearer bathing resorts ever experience under the new ing resorts ever experience under the new

Two sporting propositions on which debate is endless among the youths of the city concern very different sorts of en-

One statement, asserted with a vehemence only equalled by the vigor of the denials, is that no one can chew and swallow a butter cracker and at the same time run around the block without stopping. The atch is that the cracker is so fine and pow-

caton is that the cracker is so line and powdery that one may not masticate it without a swallow of water.

The other assertion is that there is no limit to the quantity of beer that may be swallowed without producing intoxication if the drinker will sit with his feet in a pail of water.

Park Commissioner Pallas believes in getting to work ahead of everybody else. Most mornings find him at his desk in the Arsenal between 6:30 and 7 o'clock. The Arsenal switchboard operator isn't due till 9, so when she leaves in the evening she connects the Commissioner's 'phone with trunk line. Then he can get a number should he want one before her arrival. A few days ago, when the sun was just bemissioner's telephone rang.
"That you, John, you old blinketty blank?"
said an unsteady voice.
"What's that?"

"What's that?"

"Say, you dodgasted 'old whatcher call it. Don't make me hold this 'phone longer'n I have to. I'm tired. Been out all night an' I'm jes gettin' home. Never had such a souse on in all my life, an' you tell my boss I won't be down to-day. Say, John, if you see that monkey-faced Commissioner, jes' tell him I'm sick. That's pretty near on the level. I've an awful head. Good-by."

"Good-by," said the Commissioner, and sat back to think. He thought until he remembered where he had heard the voice on the telephone before, and then he recalled that the porter's name was John. The man who had a souse has been suspended for a month.

laws in the North that they are nearly as tame as chickens, and on hot days it is a pretty sight to see them hopping about in the spray of the sprinklers on the suburban lawns. Hot weather must affect robins much as it does featherless bipeds, for on sizzling days the birds flit about under the gently falling drops of water, with much flicking of feathers, so that every part of their anatomy will receive the benefit of the their anatomy will receive the benefit of the cold bath. But woe to the worm that is tempted by the cool moisture to protrude its fat head from the earth. A robin will yank the whole worm out in a jiffy and then there is a free fight among the birds for a bite of the delicacy.

Cherry pie, made with the pits in, is not banned by the dyspeptics, who draw the line against nearly every other sort of pie whether "kivered" or "unkivered." This is because the slowness of mastication made necessary by the effort to locate and take out the pits so simplifies the process of digestion that to eat of cherry pie is never followed by pains in, as the very nice little girl said, "the proper place for them." The pits compel an adherence to Gladstone's famous recipe in eating of thirty-two bites to each morsel, and again proves its efficacy.

The policemen who are stationed in the

neighborhood of the Eden Musee say that they are never asked so much about any they are never asked so much about any other resort in the city. The inquiries are apparently confined altogether to vistors from out of town. To ask to be directed to it is practical proof that the questioner is from out of the city, and the inquiries come usually from persons who give other evidence of being from other and more rural regions. The importance they attach to a visit to this place may be gathered from the fact that it leads even the number of inquirers for Trinity Church.

PUBLICATIONS. THE ROSE OF OLD ST. LOUIS

A strong novel of the time of the Louisiana Purchase, by a new writer, Mary Dillon. It is a sweet and stirring love-story, told in a big, fine way; and whether the stalwart, blond hero is fighting Indians, braving Napoleon, or seeking to win the wilful woman of his heart, you are thrilled and charmed as perhaps you have not been since those delightful days when you first read "Ivanhoe," "Deerslayer," and, later on, "Hugh Wynne." Intrigue and adventure sustain the interest throughout, and such historic figures as Napoleon and Jefferson are presented with absolute truth as to history and to character. The scenes are laid in St. Louis, Washington, and Paris, and the author' spen pictures of urban life one hundred years ago are delightfully vivid and real. Illustrated by Castaigne and Relyea. \$1.50. THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.

## Winston Churchill's Novel THE CROSSING



der life a century and a quarter age. It is the greatest composite picture of the kind ever attempted and MR. CHURCHILL has succeeded admirably." - Pattsburgh Gazette. "Bravely romantic and vivid." -Indianapolis News.

IS PUBLISHED BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 66 FIFTH AVE., - NEW YORK,

ROSEY AND THE GOAT. Animal in Court Butted All the Milk Out

Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50.

of the Lawyer's Case. Rosey the lawyer defended Thomas Baker, a livery stable keeper, who was before Justice Flammer in the Essex Maket police court yesterday charged with the unlawful conversion of a goat. Herman Lewinson of 88 Madison street left the goat with Baker to sell. Baker got no offer above \$2. Lewinson deman the goat back. Baker claimed board for

it at \$4 a month. "Your Honor," said Rosey, "this man admits he has the goat. He wants \$4 a month for it, and he has only had it for about a week. My client would be willing to pay him \$1, which would cover the board of the animal, but look what Lewinson got from the milk of that goat. Your Honor knows that goat's m milk is just like goose eggs to hen eggs." "Where is the goat?" asked the Court We can't get along without evidence." "I didn't think your Honor would wan

t to butt in," said Detective Breen. Breen was sent for the evidence. He

Breen was sent for the evidence. He and three other cops dragged it in. They kept it far from each other by four cables hitched to its horns. It had a bunch of whiskers under its chin and a pair of horns that were sharp enough to penetrate the armor of a Russian battleship.

"I had th' divil's time gettin' him here," said Breen as the goat was shoved up on to the bridge by several policemen and moored to the railing.

"I resume my argument," said Rosey, "by saying that the amount demanded by the keeper of this goat is offset by its milk."

The goat at this juncture broke away from Breen and raised ructions among the court cops. It was finally captured by Policeman Larkin, who had long experience in Harlem years ago. When the animal was quieted the Magistrate turned to Rosey and said:

"Your argument on the milk part of the course treat and the said of the course the light courseller. but this

and said:

"Your argument on the milk part of this case is all right, counsellor, but this happens to be a billy goat."

"Judge, so help me," said Rosey, "my client didn't advise me of that fact!"

The Magistrate discharged Baker, who promised to release the goat when Lewinson paid him \$2.

Rosey did not like the decision. He said:

said:
"I don't see why there should be any discrimination in sexes in a court SPOKE TO WOMAN IN WHITE and Got His Nose Pulled, His Stomach

Punched and His Pecketbook Tapped. A woman stood on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-third street at noon yesterday, dressed all in white duck, except for a bewitching red hat. A gold watch was fastened to her waist by a gold fleur-

for a bewitching red hat. A gold watch
was fastened to her waist by a gold fleurde-lis pin. Her eyes were very blue and
her cheeks were very rosy.
As the minutes passed she began to look
anxious and annoyed. A man who was
waiting on the same corner approached
her and said:
"My party hasn't shown up and your
party doeen't seem to have come. Suppose we go and have lunch together."
She drew herself up and gazed at him
frigidly. She was Mrs. Alice M. Campbell
of Dexter, N. Y. At this exact moment
Mr. Campbell came along. His wife had
been waiting for him. Mr. Campbell
reached over and felt of the nose of the man,
who had spoken to Mrs. Campbell. Then
he knocked off the man's glasses and
punched him in the stomach.
When a policeman had pried Campbell
off the other man, the angry husband made
a complaint against the "masher" and had
him arrested. The prisoner said that he
was Frederick W. Dickinson of 153 Madisen avenue. The trio were taken before
Magistrate Cornell in the Jefferson Market
police court, where Mrs. Campbell deposed
with superb scorn that the defendant
"did annoy and insult deponent, and ask
deponent to go to a restaurant and have
lunch with him."

Defendant produced a man who, he said,
was a detective from New Haven, to testify

lunch with him."

Defendant produced a man who, he said, was a detective from New Haven, to testify to his good character, and Magistrate Cornell promptly ordered the detective out of the court. Dickinson admitted all the allegations against him, but said that he had been waiting for a girl to whom he is engaged, and that when she failed to appear he tried to assuage his grief by inviting Mrs. Campbell, whom he had seen before, and almost thought he knew, he said, and meant no harm.

The Magistrate fined him is and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell departed in triumph.

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ROW OVER SECOND FARE. Boat Club's President and Conductor Both William A. Lee of 70 Hooper street, Brookyn, president of the Seawanhaka Boat

and Jacob Benjamin, a conductor of the Brooklyn Heights Trolley Company, made counter charges of assault before Magistrate Connorton in Flushing yesterday. Lee boarded a North Beach car yesterday afternoon intending to go to the clubhouse. On this line a second five-cent fare is collected near the Newtown police station.

police station.

Lee paid a second nickel when asked by Benjamin, who was the conductor, but a man who was sitting next to Lee refused to pay a second fare. He was supported in his refusal by Lee, who, it is said, was berated by the conductor for interfering. Lee resented the conductor's language and they finally came to blows. The row ended in the arrest of both men.

At the request of Benjamin, who was without counsel, the hearing was adjourned until next Tuesday.

Children Dead: Mother Attempts Suicide Mrs. Mary Gregory, 32 years old, who had been despondent over the recent deaths of two children and the serious illness of her remaining child, attempted suicide yesterday morning at her home, 540 Sixth street, Brooklyn, by swallowing carbolic acid. Dr. Robinson of the Seney Hospital worked over her for nearly three hours before her removal to the hospital. She will probably recover.

PURILICATIONS



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trainers in Bostock's wild beast show at Coney Island, had part of his little finger of his left hand bitten off and several of the small bones in the same hand broken in a fight with a tigress yesterday afternoon. The attack occurred while he was putting the beast through her paces in the arena. After the first attack Weadon fought off the tigress with a revolver loaded with blank cartridges and made his eccape from the cage. His wounds were dressed at the reception hospital. rainers in Bostock's wild beast show at

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Time Table in Excursion Column.

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